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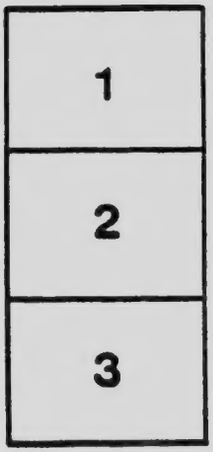

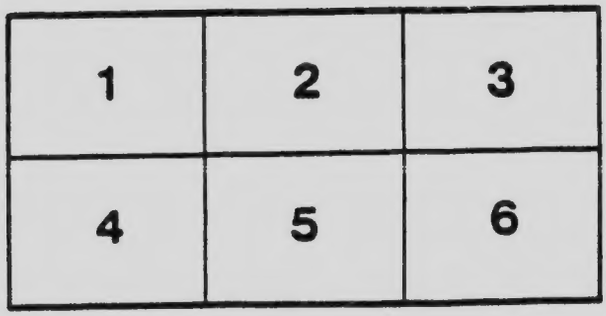

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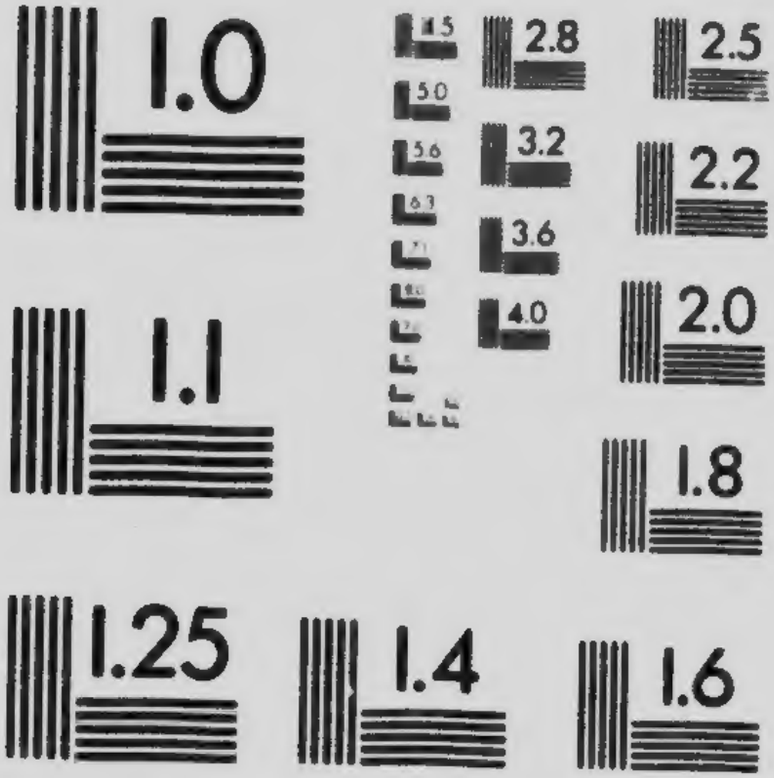

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QUEEN VICTORIA

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In Memoriam

BY

RICHARD WORNALL WILSON, M.A., LL.B.,

OF OSGOODE HALL, TORONTO

(BARRISTER-AT-LAW)

Compliments of

Mors Victoriae

A REGINA AD REGEM

QUEEN VICTORIA

In Memoriam

BY

RICHARD WORNALL WILSON, M.A., LL.B.

(OF OSGOODE HALL, BARRISTER-AT-LAW)

DA551
V156

The garish rain-drops, natures tears
Fall gently where the marble rears its polished form
And leads the way to Realms of bright illumined day.
—*The Author.*

—

This portrait scan; with tears 'tis painted
Of Queen so long beloved, now forever sainted.
—*The Author.*

—

A beam in darkness; let it grow.—*Tennyson.*

—

The age is quickening to the time
That sees Christ's hand in every rhyme.—*The Author.*

—

The Cross she raised to Heaven's dome,
The Cross she bore to every home;
The Cross she'll love, enraptured soul,
So long as aeons' ages roll.—*The Author.*

—

Do the dead speak?
Then hear this angel bright
"Let there be peace";
God said "Let there light."—*The Author.*

—

And when by death they fall
A lingering light above the pall
Is seen reflected from the Cross.—*The Author.*

—

Thou livest still, good Queen;
So may this verse
Thy life-long Christ-like love rehearse.—*The Author.*

In Memoriam

QUEEN VICTORIA

HEAVEN'S gates of pearl were rapturous ope'd,
Heaven's arches rang again;
Victoria's triumph-march had ceased,
Hers now the crown to attain

The Guards—angelic ones—attend;
The Christ she loved is there;
Beloved ones encircle her
In Heaven's holiest air.

The angels fain would weep,
If tears were shed above,
For us who now have lost
The world's most cher'shed love.

The race is won, the goal is gained;
On Heaven's illumined wings,
The dust of earth is left behind
Where rapture beatific rings.

In Memoriam

The world in sorrow's tears is bathed,
She was the brightest light
That shone in halls of statecraft,
That radiant gleamed for right.

Like Ajax she had cried
For Heaven's larger light,
A Mentor to the nations
In each new gravest fight.

"Io triumphe" she was led,
A willing captive of God's grace;
"Io triumphe" she was borne
To Heaven in the chariot race.

So rapture rings in Heaven's jubilee,
So Christ accepts her heart's best praise,
So skies of golden hue are glad,
And angels hymns of triumph raise.

Crowns coruscate with truest might
When they for virtue glow;
Crowns like our England's ever
Their moral grandeur show.

Queen Victoria

Thine now the crown of Heaven,
Thine now eternal rest,
With stars unnumbered, jewelled,
The souls whom thou hast blest.

The souls of Heathen womankind,
The souls of Egypt's sands,
Were taught by thee to worship
The God of all earth's lands.

Loud legislative summons,
Swift, sudden, peremptory calls,
Hailed thee in early matin hours
The Queen of Empire's halls.

Now Afric's sunny fountains
Dance in the joy of Christ.
They learned the songs of victory
When they gave thee their tryst.

The Persian with new rapture
Pours o'er the Book divine,
New-opened to his lingual eye
By hero-saints of thine!

In Memoriam

The world has lost its mother,
This word is faintest praise;
It loved her, now it sings to her
In love's elegiac lays!

"How can we part?" our Empire cries,
"The gods were merciful so long."
To them now otherwise it seems;
With tears we chant thy funeral song.

We line the world's broad streets with grief,
We shroud each pinnacle with crape,
Stand still in silence round the globe.
And fiery guns of battle drape.

Each court sat stricken, kings were mute;
All lands had loved, had cherished thee,
The world's fair arbiter, its jurial head;
All men beneath thy flag are free.

What part in this world's play
Hast thou not filled with grace.
As beauteous girl, sweet wife and Queen,
God's benison to this earth's race?

Queen Victoria

No monarch ever yet attained
Two so grand jubilees;
No monarch ever yet has played
The human harp in stronger keys.

So if in any lurking shrine
Or court lies hidden wrong,
We blame not thee, Victoria,
In this, our funeral song.

Forever now Heaven's sweet rest is thine,
Forever now the streets of gold
Are ranged by thee in freest air,
Forever safe within Christ's fold.

There beatific cherubs chant
The ages' never-ceasing lays;
There seraphim and cherubim
Their faces shield from dazzling rays.

Existence incomprehensible
Light, joy and life, ideal peace,
Are thine in endless measure,
Are thine without surcease.

In Memoriam

Rolls the anthem rapturous,
Rolls Heaven's Jubilee along,
Rolls the angelic symphony,
Rolls forever clarion strong.

Ah! memory's cells are vitified
With love's eternal light;
Thy name—thy fame forever, too,
Shall battle for the right.

The queenly race, the kingly line
Of England's sovereigns runs
With messages of mercy
Beneath all distant suns.

So thou shalt live forever,
Forever and a day,
No stain shall ever tarnish,
Victoria's perfect ray.

By thy sons' and daughters' sons,
'Mid Russian snows, 'neath German elms,
We Britons by thy virtue rule,
As well in Danish realms.

Queen Victoria

By thy sweet charm and thy strong arm,
We, in Afghanistan legislate,
Unfurl the flag in China, too,
And quell the raging Mahdi's hate.

With victory's bugle now we ring
The welcome call to Newfoundland;
Blow, bugle, blow—we hear the bound
Of Island Province on our strand.

The "thin red line" of valor true,
From Wellington to Wolsley ranged;
From Roberts on to Kitchener,
To all-conquering khaki changed.

Through wars of parliament and field,
Through labor's maddening strife and pains,
Through flood and flame, through dust and death,
New grandeur England gains.

And all beneath thy rule, fair Queen,
We scatter lilies to thy shade,
With thrice-repeated "Vale" weep,
While in blessed fane thy dust is laid.

In Memoriam

Through many beatific years
Thou hast reigned with grace and glory;
As Queen has never, never ruled
In Iliad, rhyme or story.

And so with true Herculean force
We'll build the British Empire;
And Atlas-like uphold when built,
With sword and harp, with gun and lyre.

In blood we'll write on Empire's arch,
From Klondike to Pretoria,
The solemn prayer, the votive words,
"Vivat Victoria!"

Man's manumitting laws and creeds
Have answered to thy lyre;
As Orpheus-like thou hast led on
Wide Britain's mundane Empire.

O maiden queen of queenly hearts,
O girlish queen of truest kings,
O mother-queen of motherhood,
Thy death our heart's dirge rings.

Queen Victoria

We sing thee resting in the crypt,
We chant thee in sad story,
We lay thee near thy Prince beloved,
We waft thee up to glory.

And History's page shall glow with thee;
The future race of men shall long
With grateful joyance scan thy fate,
And enjewel thee in Iliad song.

Through many oft-told sorrowing years,
When Prince the good, and Alice brave,
Father loved, with daughter true,
Were tombed within the grave.

When, too, Leopold the pure,
Alfred the just and great,
And Edward—O Marcellus gone—
Met Lethe's lasting fate.

The heart of Power omnipotent,
The love of Christ—God's son,
Stayed thee to say in the profoundest deep,
"Thy will, O Lord, not mine, be done."

In Memoriam

Could God's kind hand more gently lead
An angel-queen of angel-queens,
More softly to her safest home,
To Eden's beatific scenes?

"Sub Edwardo Vinces" rings out
Our clarion's new prophetic lay.
What conquests can we not attempt
In our King's auspicious day?

O Helen-queen from Danish court,
We hail thy coronation day;
We welcome thee; reign long in love,
A rose unchallenged in thy sway!

Fair Helen, mother of fair daughters three,
Noblest victories of love,
A wreath of nations' laurels rich,
We weave our joy to prove.

Hero-George—new Prince of Wales,
And Consort beauteous as the morn,
We love you, cheer you, hail you fit
Earth's proudest throne to adorn.

Queen Victoria

Since thy gladsome coronation,
Beneath the silence of the sea,
New cables whisper cablegrams
Full of life and mystery.

And also wireless telegrams
Warn old ocean's sovereign ships,
Send their winged monologue
With their silent, potent lips.

We shall beneath this signal sign,
The mighty arts of nature gain,
The Cosmos-camp we compass round,
With English flag all death disdain.

Perchance we shall like flying fish
In realms of air a journey take,
Round Saturn race on swiftest wings
A call on Jupiter to make.

Perchance we shall, our Helen-queen,
Her fairest daughters and "Our May"
Cheer round all shores in air-ships swift,
And "halt," "present" in each aerial bay.

In Memoriam

Perchance the deeps of ocean we
In winged boats shall penetrate
Though waves on "submarines" shall fly
From shore to shore from state to state.

Perchance we shall the deserts flood
Perchance whole hemispheres combine,
Thus bring the land again to light
And range new kingdoms into line.

Perchance we shall to Venus wire;
We should like an "interview:"
Is rash Jupiter fastidious;
Is he leal to her and true?

Perchance we shall to fiery Mars
Signal high for fresh contingents;
Ask if "Hector" or "Achilles"
Will "report" in armoured cars.

Perchance we yet shall play the hostess—
Ask Minerva down to dinner,
And mighty Jupiter invite
If he's not too deep a sinner.

Queen Victoria

Suicidal nations, victims sad
Of death by fire, flame, rapine;
Drag their hideous shreds of life
To England's mercy-shrine.

Perchance we should not, but we do
List to their accursed bray
"Sic itur ad astra," we quote,
And grant them a "new day."

Orestes comes, self-blinded Œdipus,
The fratricide and matricide in lin.
And rap upon our open door
For British charity divine.

And should Republics e'er return
To peace from fields of pleasure,
We'll kill for them the "fatted calf'
Of Rand and Klondike treasure.

We'll joyous welcome warm extend
No elder brothers—fathers all,
And raise for them right merrily
The gladsome song in every hall.

In Memoriam

We all are one in blood and life;
We all are one 'neath God's own eye;
We all are one in gems and clan;
We all are one 'neath God's blue sky!

We are one in chivalry,
One in charity divine;
This world is God's: the fee's in Him;
His name's on every shrine.

This world is God's own Parliament;
His laws should rule alone;
The bannerets of Mars are God's
That float in every zone.

Those kingdoms—must worlds' empire sway
That worship the true God;
The realms of sin have had their day,
They must fall 'neath His rod.

Harps of gold, eternal sound,
Harps of sapphire, music sweet,
Harps with strings of emerald,
Harps of love, thee ever greet.

Queen Victoria

Sing low—Heaven's angels—sing
Your sweetest symphonies bring;
Our Queen's last requiem ring
With harps divine.

Heaven's music echo deep;
Heaven's father give her sleep;
Heaven's holiest angels reap
At God's own shrine.

Christ loved our gracious Queen;
Christ holds her soul serene;
Christ rules the empirean,
Breathes "She is mine."

Let love's seraphic law,
Let Christ whom earth once saw
Rule o'er our race.

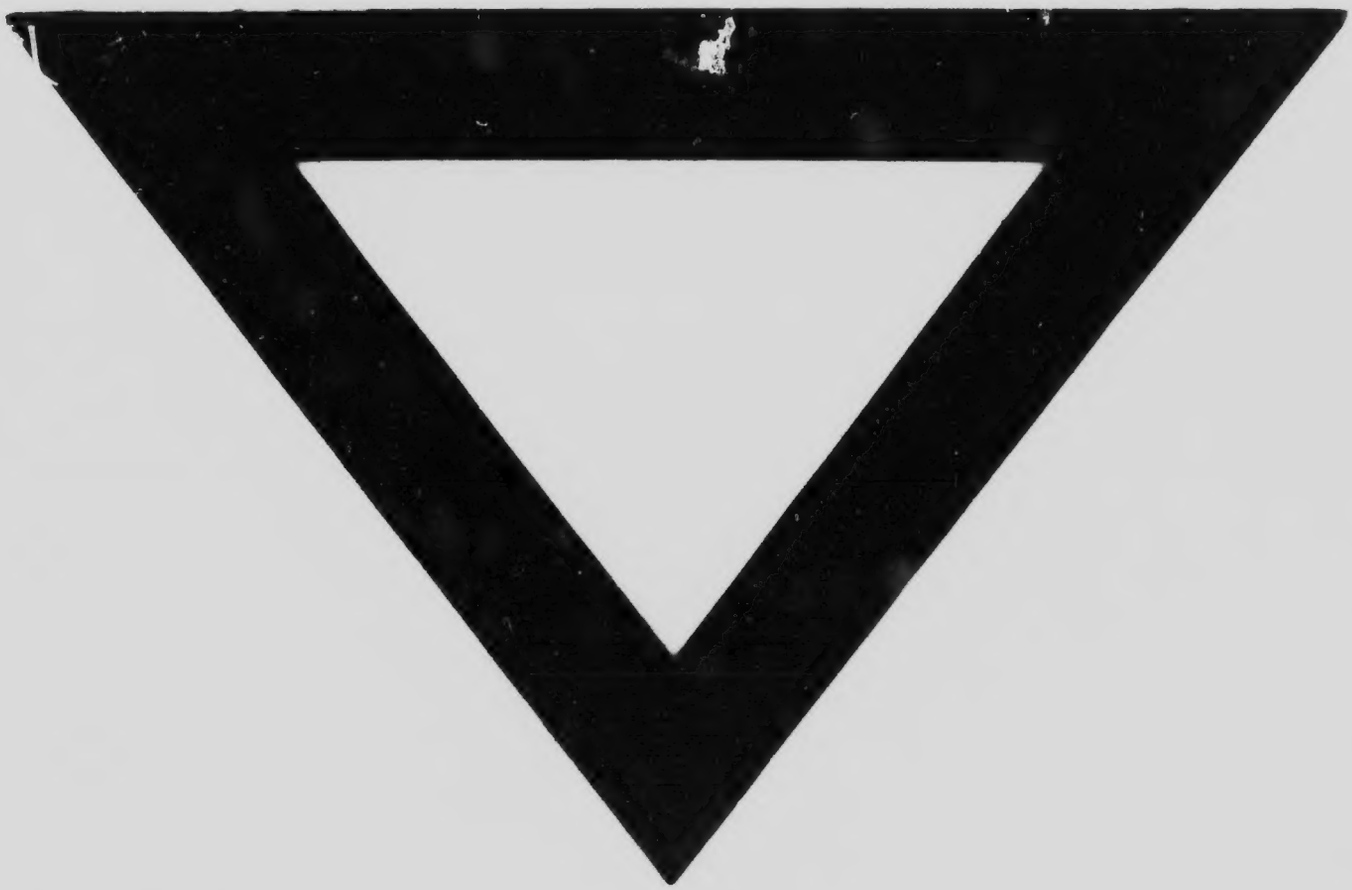
May our great King now reign,
May He thus might attain
Round Empire's shores,

Of all king's earthly king,
And loud we then shall sing,
"God save the King!"

In Memoriam

Oh, Christ of love, seraphic bring
The world in peace beneath our sign,
That kingdoms, empires, nations all,
May own thy power benigh.

And then we shall with new delight
In loudest symphonies long sing,
"God saved our good Victoria,"
"God save the Emperor-King!"

God answered from His throne
God heard from holiest place,
God gave our gracious Queen
His richest grace;

Ripe fruit for Heaven's home
She Heaven's purest gem:
A jewel rare, of ray serene,
In Jesus' diadem.